

# KATE CAREW ABROAD.

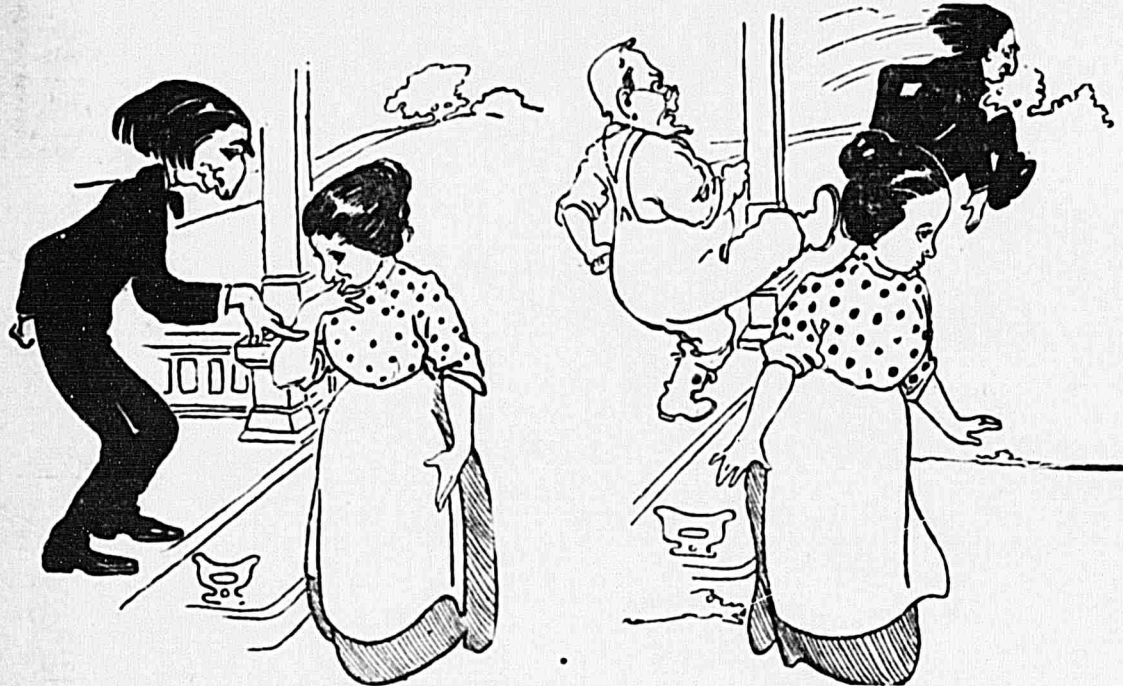
HE WROTE "BID ME GOOD-BY, AND GO."



PAOLO TOSTI.

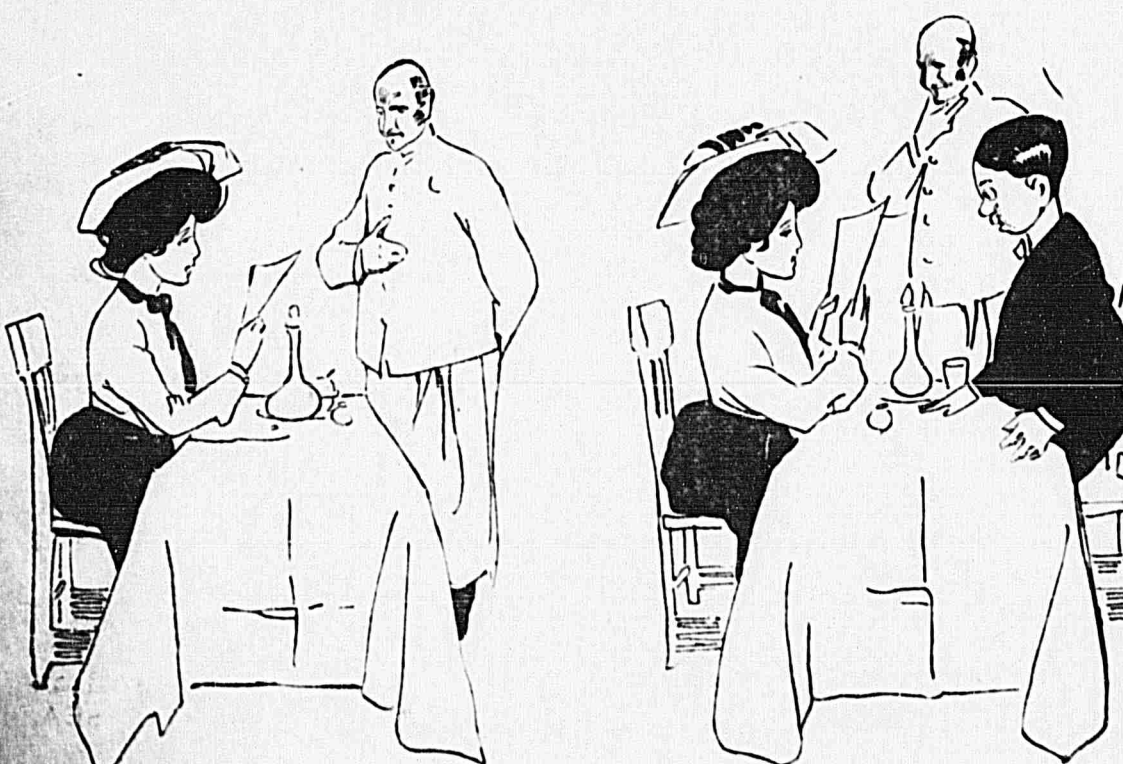
PARIS, Aug. 31.—One of the most picturesque of Londoners and distinguished of Bohemians is Paolo Tosti, the Anglified Italian, whose ballads are familiar in America wherever there is a piano to be strummed. During the London season he haunts the opera, but the last time I saw him he was leaning up against a southerly gale on the deck of a Channel packet bound for Calais.

## QUITE ANOTHER AFFAIR.



Mr. Hamacker (at country boarding-house)—My dear Miss Reuben, how would you like to appear before the footlights?  
Farmer Reuben—And how would you like to appear after the foot lights?

## HAROLD AS AN APPETIZER.



She (at luncheon, while shopping)—Just a plate of soup, waiter, with plenty of bread and a glass of water. That's all.  
She (next day, with Harold)—Really, I'm not at all hungry, but I'll order a light lunch just to keep you company. Some bouillon with red snapper, waiter—and a portion of cold roast beef, chicken croquettes, half a dozen blue points on the shell, mashed potatoes, stewed tomatoes, green peas, lemon ice, a cup of chocolate and—that's all at present.

## The World.

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## OUR PRESIDENTS MUST BE PROTECTED.

The assassin Czolgosz could not have fired the shot which plunged the land into sorrow if President McKinley had been properly protected.

Czolgosz planned to kill him at the railway station upon his arrival in Buffalo on Wednesday, but could not get near enough.

He measured the chance of a fatal shot while Mr. McKinley was delivering his great speech on Thursday, but the guards' vigilance balked him. On Friday morning he was pushed away from the President's carriage while once more seeking an opportunity to slay.

It was only when that afternoon the Chief Magistrate was enduring for the hundredth time the senseless and dangerous custom of a general handshaking that the pervert's bullet found its mark.

A President of the United States must appoint high officials, command the army and navy, outline policies, recommend legislation to Congress; he must make treaties and execute the laws. His is a task to try the strongest physique, the most untiring intellect.

It is worse than folly to expect besides that he shall stand for weary hours while thousands of people unknown to him file past and press his aching fingers.

There should be ready access to the President for every man properly vouched for who has business of real importance.

Our Presidents must be protected from the slayers of strength and the killers of time, as well as from Anarchists and other dangerous cranks. If this be done no Czolgosz will in future get such an opportunity to do mischief.

## LONGER LIFE FOR EVERYBODY.

In spite of strenuous modern ways the average of human life is longer, the average of human health higher, than ever before.

British insurance actuaries have been for years revising the figures which express the "expectation of life" at any given age.

From the cases cited by sixty companies it appears that even since 1863 the length of life has considerably increased.

It is the man of middle age whose chance has most improved. Below thirty and above eighty the new tables differ slightly from the old, though always in the direction of longer life. But between thirty and seventy-five a modern man's prospect of living has improved decidedly, the maximum of increase being at fifty-five.

Better sanitary measures, greater regard for pure air, more exercise, are producing this gratifying result. Modern science is abandoning the theory that diseases are necessarily hereditary. Consumption especially is no longer so considered. A high American authority has said that he would as willingly insure a thousand persons taken haphazard on Broadway as a thousand who had passed a medical examination with its careful queries about the health of one's parents and grandparents.

The rule of living long is to live rightly. And never was the art better understood than now.

## THE BARREL AT NIAGARA.

While the nation waited on Saturday afternoon for news of its stricken President a woman caused herself to be shut in a barrel and launched upon the Whirlpool Rapids at Niagara.

Then the river had its will. It was in merry mood. It tossed the barrel, twirled it, bumped it against driftwood, bade it turn in slow eddies endlessly, as it seemed to the anxious watchers on shore, sick with apprehension.

The early darkness came upon them there and blotted the tossing thing out of sight. What could they do but wait? It was six hours from the start before the barrel at last came ashore. Its occupant was promptly taken out, but it was too late. She was dying.

No act is nobler than his who risks his life for something worth while. The soldier serves his country. The brave fireman risks his own life to save another's. The balloonist and the Arctic explorer run grave risks, but they are men of science, and if they succeed they bring back facts, observations, collections, which in the eyes of learned men requite their peril by adding to the common stock of knowledge.

But what could Miss Willard see or note, shut in her dark cell with the noise of many waters in her ears and the terror of death upon her? Such foolhardy feats serve no purpose, prove nothing, add nothing to human welfare. They merely bid for notoriety or suicide. They should be prohibited.

## BRIDAL SUPERSTITIONS.

RELATIVE merits of the various months with regard to matrimony are set forth in the old rhyme which runs:

"Marry when the year is new,  
Always loving, kind and true,  
When February birds do mate  
You may wed, nor dread your fate.  
If you wed when March winds blow,  
Joy and sorrow both you'll know.  
Marry in April when you can,  
Joy for maiden and for man;  
Marry in the month of May,  
You will surely rue the day;  
Marry when June roses blow,  
Over land and sea you'll go.  
They who in July do wed,  
Must later always rue their head.  
Whoever wed in August be,  
Many a change are sure to see.  
Marry in September's shine,  
Your living will be rich and fine.  
If in October you do marry,  
Love will come, but riches tarry;  
If you wed in bleak November,  
Only joy will come, remember.  
When December's snows fall fast  
Marry, and true love will last."  
Of the days in the week Wednesday is the best and Saturday the worst on which to get married. The old rhyme runs:

"Monday for wealth,  
Tuesday for health,  
Wednesday the best day of all,  
Thursday for crosses,  
Friday for losses,  
Saturday no luck at all."  
If we are to believe superstition, a bride's happiness depends not a little on what she wears. "Something old and something new, something borrowed and something blue," is invariably regarded by brides. According to an old rhyme:

"Married in white,  
You have chosen all right.  
Married in gray,  
You will go far away.  
Married in black,  
You will wish yourself back.  
Married in red,  
You had better be dead.  
Married in green,  
Ashamed to be seen.  
Married in blue,  
You'll always be true.  
Married in black,  
You'll live in a whirl.  
Married in yellow,  
Ashamed of the fellow.  
Married in brown,  
You'll live out of town.  
Married in pink,  
Your spirits will sink."



## HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.

### GUIDE TO GOOD LOOKS.

By HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

#### How to Get Thin.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: I am a young girl nearly sixteen years old and I weigh over 120 pounds. I want to know if you will please tell me how to reduce my weight. I have often noted your answers to questions very much like my own, but have not paid special attention when reading them. Please do not publish my name.

FLORENCE.

If you follow the instructions here given you will certainly succeed. But 120 pounds is not too much for you to weigh if you are in fair health, unless you are very short. Avoid all starchy and sweetened food, all cereals, vegetables containing sugar or starch, such as peas, beans, corn, potatoes, &c. Have your bread toasted; sprinkle it with salt instead of butter. Milk, I regret to say, if it be pure and good, is fattening. Hot water is an excellent substitute for other liquids. Add a little of the juice of lemons or lemons to it, if you choose. Limit your sleeping hours to seven at the outside. No naps. You must take exercise.

If you cannot walk at least five miles a day, and do not wheel, go to one of the institutions where mechanical massage is given. Several of my corre-

spondents report excellent results from this method of getting the vigorous exercise they require. The system is thoroughly wholesome and not expensive. In reducing flesh the one fact to recollect is that fat is carbon-oxygen destroyed or burns out carbon. You must consume the carbon by the oxygen you take through your lungs. The more exercise the more oxygen and consequent destruction of fat by the one healthy method of curing obesity.

The more starch and sugar you eat the more carbon to burn away.

#### Another Victim to Freckles.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: Kindly inform me what I can use for freckles. I have them on my face since I was a child. Also explain how I can use the formula and if it should all be mixed up in one, or not.

Mrs. K. T—RY this bleach for the freckles. It is indorsed by a well-known physician. Bichloride of mercury, not in a coarse powder, 12 grains; extract of witch hazel, 2 ounces; rose water, 2 ounces. Mix the three ingredients in a bottle and shake well or until the mercury is dissolved. Apply to the freckles with a small, clean sponge or a bit of absorbent cotton. Use three times a day if it does not prove irritating to the

skin. This bleach is one of the best known. If it causes inflammation suspend its use for three or four days and apply cold cream.

Of course, you know bichloride of mercury is a dangerous poison, and while perfectly proper to use as here suggested, should be kept out of reach of children and ignorant persons.

#### Remedy for Offensive Breath.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: Kindly give me a remedy for bad breath, which I think comes from the stomach.

MAMIE B. T—RY the very simple remedy of phosphate of soda for correcting the stomach trouble. I also give you a formula for a mouth wash which is antiseptic and will temporarily relieve the trouble, but if I were in your place I should take the soda persistently. The dose is a teaspoonful of phosphate of soda in a glass of water half an hour before breakfast and the same dose at night before going to bed. Nothing is more offensive to others than the presence of a man or woman afflicted with a bad breath.

Wash for Bad Breath.—Distilled water, 500 grams; thymol, 50 centigrams; borax, 1 gram. Rinse the mouth thoroughly with the wash as often as required.

## TO-DAY'S LOVE STORY.

### THE FLETCHER AFFAIR.

By Edna S. Brainerd.

WE were sitting at table over our coffee and cigars when Bob Tremont asked, "What ever became of Theodore Fletcher?"

"Tell the story, Henry," said Charlie Yates, turning to me.

"As you already know," I began, "Theodore Fletcher came to town to settle up the Mercantile Bank affair. He was soon the most popular man in town.

"Well, some one took Theodore to call on Eleanor Metcalf one evening. He fell head over heels in love with her and she with him. Of course all the other fellows pulled out of the race, and we watched the society columns each morning to see the announcement of Eleanor's engagement to Fletcher.

"About this time Edward Metcalf, the only son, and in whom old Metcalf's hopes were centered, was expelled from Yale, and coming home was placed in the bank under the supervision of Fletcher. Strange as it may seem, Fletcher and was more than once heard to say at the club things that were insinuating and derogatory to Fletcher's character. Young Metcalf was not popular himself; he was rather weak and his habits were none of the best.

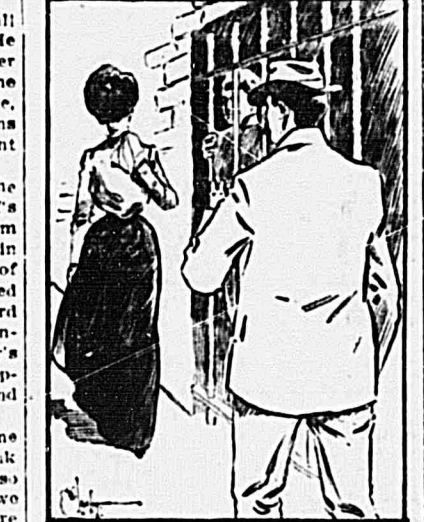
"The night of the hop, Eleanor came in with Fletcher rather late. I think I never saw her so beautiful and so regal. About 12 o'clock just as we were dancing the last dance before going to supper, I saw a tall, dark stranger standing in the door looking about the room. Finally his eye caught Fletcher's and I remember how Fletcher led his partner to a seat and, walking up to the stranger, spoke to him in low tones.

"After a few moments' conversation Fletcher continued the dance. When it was over he walked up to Eleanor, who was surrounded by a little court of admirers. We did not know at the time what he said to her, but we saw

the sweet light in her eyes as she answered him and presently, hooded and cloaked, she left the dance with Fletcher.

"The tall, dark stranger sat on the box with the caddy. When they reached the Metcalf home Fletcher handed her a great bunch of roses and bade her good-night.

"The next day the papers were filled



with the story of the defalcation of Theodore Fletcher, the receiver of the Mercantile Bank.

"Edward Metcalf was brought on the stand at the trial, and testified against Fletcher. At the club he said, 'I told you so,' and his most scathing remarks were directed toward Fletcher's action at the dance.

"Just to think," he said bitterly, 'of a thief having the nerve to take my sister home as if nothing had hap-

pened, and daring to ride home with her with an officer on the cab.'

"Fletcher was sentenced to two years' hard labor.

"Edward Metcalf remained in town, swaggering and threatening what he would do to Fletcher on his release, and Eleanor went abroad with her parents.

"One day last spring I had occasion to visit the penitentiary at Kewanee. While there I thought of Theodore Fletcher, and asking to see him I was shown into his cell. I found him reading 'Les Misérables' in the original French. He did not once speak. Eleanor, I left him, and as I went down the narrow corridor that led to the entrance I met a woman coming swiftly down the hall toward me. She turned her face from me as I passed her, but I saw that it was Eleanor Metcalf—Eleanor Metcalf, whom every one believed to be in Europe. Eleanor Metcalf, the cold, the proud, the pure.

"It seems strange that this topic should have come up to-day, for the morning paper tells of the suicide of young Edward Metcalf.

"Three months ago Theodore Fletcher was released from prison; two weeks afterward Eleanor Metcalf married him and they went West to live; can't you fellows deduct a logical conclusion from what I have told you?

"You knew the Metcalfs' pride, of which Eleanor possessed more than is usual. I mean pride in her family, love for her parents and her high ideals of a child's duty. You all knew, too, Ed Metcalf, his weakness, his pettiness—and you all knew Fletcher."

I paused long enough in my narrative to notice the little flutter of excitement and understanding from each of my friends at the table.

Charlie Yates held up his glass.

"Here's to Fletcher, boys!"

And no toast was ever more heartily given.

## WILL MONEY EVER DISPLACE LOVE?

### The Only Questions to Answer.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I cannot conceive how conditions relative to matrimonial ventures will be altered by reason of the fact that a certain multi-millionaire presented \$4,000,000 to his better half at the time of his marriage. It seems to me that the major portion of the feminine sex who are about to venture on the sea of matrimony should and will ask themselves these questions, provided they have a soft spot in their hearts for a certain individual:

1. Is the young man a gentleman of moderate habits?

2. Has he a genial disposition?

3. Is his character beyond reproach?

4. Can he support a wife in the manner that she has been accustomed to live?

If all these propositions can be answered in the affirmative, the intelligent young lady of to-day will look no further.

Even among the most depraved women love will exist, and no condition of affairs can stamp out the love which nature instilled in the minds and hearts of humanity. The proposition of "a bird in a gilded cage" will not be appreciated by women of intelligence.

SAMUEL W. PHILLIPS,  
No. 135 Broadway, City.

### Moneybags Not So Popular.

To the Editor of The Evening World: The American girl—she that is to be the mother of our best citizens—is not looking for a brainless moneybag for a life partner, but for a real man, one who can love and respect. Money can never command love or esteem, as can be abundantly proved by the numerous matrimonial bankruptcies among our wealthy class. A union of dollars may produce cents, but not happiness. As the stock of millionaires is sensibly limited, there are not enough to go around, and therefore our girls will continue to love and be loved as in the past, and the manly young man whose capital is his head and hands, will be just as acceptable as ever.

ERNEST C. STEWARD,  
No. 27 South Terrace avenue, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

### Real Women Prefer Love.

To the Editor of The Evening World: It is a hard question. Money has so many influences, and there will always be some women in the world who prefer it to love. But the majority of high-minded, pure girls will never let the question of money interfere where love is concerned. Every man has the privilege of asking the girl he desires to be his wife, but it mainly depends on the man what kind of a wife he takes. If he has money he can choose one of the "dolls" who sit in the parlor dressed up. If a man is that foolish, all well and good; he must be satisfied. But a man in every sense of the word is one who, when he intends to settle, takes a girl young, unsophisticated, within his means and save a little beside, a tender, sympathetic girl, who cares little for ostentation and outward

show. Men like to be seen with stylish women and have a good time, but when it comes to marrying, these stylish women will inquire into your finances and if they are satisfied grab you; but should you have the misfortune to have only a \$5,000-a-year income you get left.

M. E. WARDELL,  
No. 74 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn.

### Money Will Buy Anything.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Four million dollars given by a bridegroom to a bride will foster a spirit of discontent among our girls who intend to marry some day. Our American girl in general is averse to hard work and small circumstances, and will gladly sell herself if she can get a price to suit her. The consequence is that money will buy love, as it already buys about everything else. Girls will reject young men of small means, thinking they will have a better chance by waiting and catching a man made of dough. But money men are scarce, and when a girl's beauty and attractiveness to man begin to fade she is like on drowning—ready to clutch at anything that spells male and can give her the home and the resemblance of one. Is this not the truth? Study the girls of to-day and be convinced.

### Love Is Priceless.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Marrying for money is a cross between begging and stealing. The man or woman who would embrace this hybrid is the exception. Love is too divinely implanted in the human heart—particularly in the woman heart—for money to oust it. Love is beyond all money, being priceless. Girls, when it comes to the matter of the affection, are more controlled by their feelings than men, and are, with rare exceptions, too sensible and possessed of too much intuitive foresight to sacrifice Love, which is the essence of their existence, for Mammon. The poor young man need never fear a big wife simply because he is poor.

### TURNED DOWN.

When Fannie's lover calls at 8—The slightest youth in town—She doesn't pause to ruminate, But turns the gas jet down.

When impetuous wooers seek The charming Widow Brown, She doesn't have to think a week Before she turns them down.

So very soon the summers pass, So soon does winter frown, The knowledge comes to all, alas, That Time will turn us down! —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.